

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Judge Pennypacker Had Decided Convictions on the Issues Involved in the Boer War—A Poetical Report of License Court Cases

(Copyright, 1917, by the Public Ledger Company.)

The installments of Governor Pennypacker's "Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian" temporarily will appear on the editorial page of the Evening Public Ledger.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED

THE efforts of the hangers of South Africa to protect their homes against the aggressions of the strongest empire of the world seeking to get possession of their gold and diamond mines appealed to me strongly. Cecil Rhodes and Doctor Jamieson represented the ordinary type of adventurers, always to be found on the outskirts of civilization, ready to run the risk of hanging in order to take the chance of seizing what does not belong to them. In my opinion, no man who has been minister to a foreign court, especially to England, which is our natural rival and in time of stress has always been our foe, ought to be permitted to be Secretary of State of the United States. John Hay, who is generally much lauded for diplomacy and whom I should like to approve, because of his literary attainments and because he wrote to me some kindly letters and spoke pleasantly of me in his life of Lincoln, should never have held that responsible position. The meanest thing in American annals is the fact that we added the British empire to crush a little republic by sending our mules and supplies. One of the greatest mistakes we have ever made was in throwing our sympathies and moral support to Japan in her war with Russia. The latter country had been our friend in the War of 1812, during the rebellion and when she sold us Alaska. The mereest to ought to have been able to see that, with our ownership of the Philippines and our Pacific Coast, a struggle with Japan in the future inevitable. Both of these blunders were due to the fact that John Hay used his potent influence in behalf of England. Some years ago it was my fortune to see at a bookbinder's the letters and invitations with which he was coddled by the King and nobility of London and which he was leaving bound in crushed leather for his posterity to admire. Very few men are strong enough to resist such blandishments. I wrote three letters upon the Boer War for the New York Sun. They were reproduced by W. T. Stead in London and elsewhere in England, in Australia, and were translated into German, Dutch and the other European languages. They are too long for insertion here, but the following, which I published at the time, is in the same spirit:

HAND OF GOD UPON THE NATIONS

ACCORDING to the Rome Messenger, Pope Benedict has addressed a circular letter to all Bishops in the belligerent countries declaring that if any Christian State aids the Turks in an attempt to retake Jerusalem it will be condemned by the Holy See. Whether this be true or not, and it seems hardly probable, it is undeniable that Italian Cardinals are openly rejecting that the Holy City is in Christian hands and that adherents of the Church, in every country whose public opinion can be faithfully reported are at one in the demand that Jerusalem must never be surrendered to the Mohammedans.

There should be no disposition to urge that the Catholic Church could be placed in an unequal position toward belligerent countries as a result of this growing sentiment. At the same time, it is an unavoidable condition that the 5,000,000 Catholics of Germany and Austria Hungary have placed in a remarkably uncomfortable position by the attitude of their brothers in the faith in Allied and neutral countries. Most important in this situation is the new light it throws upon the question of "annexations." No one should be a penny the gainer, commercially, by the capture of Jerusalem. The Holy Land should be internationalized, with all Christian nations having an equal share in its future administration. But if that is true of the most holy of lands, it will be urged that it is true of all lands in so far as they are holy to their tenants as "Home."

A principle is a principle. We cannot talk of holding the Holy City because it is holy without trying to partake of its holiness. Mr. Wilson's peroration, "The hand of God is laid upon the nations. He will show them favor, I devoutly believe, only if they rise to the clear heights of His own justice and mercy," has a very tangible and practical application.

The South African War

It is all very simple. The tale needs but few words for the telling. The British made up their minds to steal the Transvaal, with its wealth of gold, guarded only by herdsmen. The event shows that they were strong enough to steal the Transvaal, and they have stolen the Transvaal. Joan of Arc was burned in the marketplace of Rouen, and she is dead. There are some lessons to be learned from the struggle. That for the British is that, when they go marauding after a puny prey, they should grasp it, not with hundreds under a Jamieson, but with hundreds of thousands under a Roberts. The lesson for ourselves is one of ineffable meanness. Never before, since July 4, 1776, did this nation sit by with arms folded and mouth closed and see a great empire strangle a little republic, encouraging on the sly the empire—the same empire which took advantage of our stress and made money by selling under false colors to drive our commerce off the seas. The glory of the war is all with the Boers, who have lost everything, but saved their manhood. The lesson for the world is one of hope. There is still a people in it with pluck enough to resist sordid wrong regardless of consequence. It is well to know that the highest examples of patriotism in the past are equalled in the present and may appear again in the future. The boy who killed Ross, after the burning of the Capitol at Washington, set a note for mankind, though he lost his life, and organized greed may hereafter hesitate when it reflects that the road to Pretoria was sprinkled with the blood of 40,000 Englishmen, and that the profits of the coveted Rand for a quarter of a century, and until Cecil Rhodes shall be dead, have been dissipated. Goom Paul takes his place, not in a niche in the Transvaal, but alongside of Leonidas and Winkedelt, of Wallace and William of Orange, among the heroes of all time and the whole world, to incite the brave to effort for the ages yet to come. When the English nation, old and toothless, like the giant in "The Pilgrim's Progress," sits by the wayside snarling over the memories of its victories won from the weak in Ireland and India, at Wyoming and St. Helena, with every traveler ready to knock it on the head for its past wickedness, mothers will tell their children, poets will sing the story and historians will write in their pages how the burghers fought and died upon the kopjes of South Africa to save their homes."

Reports of License Cases

On the 19th of May, 1906, I was elected president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. This venerable institution is the strongest in the United States devoted to its line of investigation and possesses volumes and manuscripts worth two or three millions of dollars. The papers which tell the story of Pennsylvania are within its walls. I had a long line of distinguished predecessors—William Rawle, Peter S. Duponceau, Thomas Sergeant, Joseph R. Ingersoll, John William Wallace, Brinton Cox and Charles J. Stille.

In 1901 Judge Charles B. McMichael sat with me in the License Court. He was a cultivated person who read Latin books for entertainment, and like all the McMichaels, was handsome. We granted very few more licenses than we found already in existence. One outcome of the session was the printing—only thirty copies, however—of a little volume of reports of the cases as they came along which I wrote while in the court.

REPORTS OF CASES IN THE PHILADELPHIA LICENSE COURT OF 1901

— Dramatis Personae —  
Judges Pennypacker and McMichael.

Weber, an old German who, after leaving the saloon of Celia R. Gilbert at 11 p. m., fell and fractured his skull from the effects of which he died.

Noyes, Carter and Brounley, detectives of the Law and Order Society, who ferret out speakeries and bawdy houses, and applicants for licenses—German, Italian, Irish and the like—innumerable.

"License they mean when they cry liberty,"—Milton.

APPLICATION OF CELIA R. GILBERT, No. 1988  
Ach Weber! Ach Weber!  
Was nun ist geschehen?  
Die Fresse, sie wandeln!  
Sie Konnen nicht stehen,  
Durch die Tagen und Wochen,  
Der Kopf ist gebrochen.

CELIA GILBERT, No. 1988  
Mon cher ami  
Leutend ein er!  
Der Weber ist gefallen!  
Lee hommes coururent,  
Les femmes soupirent,  
Und laut die schreie schallten.

VINCENT TONTORIELLO, No. 22  
If French you be  
I fall in love,  
But when in accents loud and clear  
He tells of Tontorelli's beer  
The story close—  
'Tis only Noyes.

NICHOLAS PESSALANO, No. 32  
And now there comes an end to Pessalano's joys.  
When a Law and Order agent gets his bottles and an Noyes.

PETER FINLAN, No. 248  
What curious thing is this we hear,  
When Carter swears that Finlan's beer  
Is laded out by a man with one ear!

PHILIP ENGELKE, No. 265  
Though small and scarce the angels be  
McMichael finds an Engelke.  
Though fortune fane but once in a cycle  
She scatters her favors before McMichael.

GENEROSO D'ALLESANDRO  
Oh, ho!  
Generoso  
D'Allesandro,  
Must ever go so?  
Speak it easy when you tell her  
Of the bottles in the cellar.

AUGUST M. PINKBEINER, No. 319  
Oh, Pinkbeiner!  
Oh, Pinkbeiner!  
What is finer  
Or diviner  
Than Milwaukee beer?  
But when seen  
On table green  
With slot machine  
Froth and flavor disappear.

GEORGE DOKENWADEL, No. 378  
Dokenwadel  
Was fur ein twaddie  
About a "boddie"  
When you sell it  
Why not tell it?

ARNHOLT & SCHAEFER BREWING CO., No. 400  
Policy men and toughs  
Gamblers, lawds and roughs,  
Abide in Sanson street,  
And in speakeries meet.  
But when Carter, Noyes and Brounley  
Greet,  
Throw down their money and offer treat  
'Tis necessary to be discreet.

FREDERICK W. WOLF, No. 426  
(A bottler who sold beer to the Kensington Athletic Club, 3642 Market street.)  
On the Kensington award,  
In the Twenty-fourth Ward,  
Are trained athletic—tes,  
They stride from afar,  
Cling close to the bar  
And swift run into diabetics.

THE CULTURED BUT WEARY MICHAEL CANTAT  
Hold! Enough!  
Tell hab genua:  
Asez.  
Jen all,  
Jen will away,  
I hope and pray  
Mucho no sano  
Poco es bueno;  
Nunc satis est,  
Give us a rest  
Life is short  
(To the cries)  
Adjourn the court.  
(Exeunt omnes.)

During this year there appeared in the Atlantic Monthly a paper upon "The Ills of Pennsylvania." It was published anonymously and was sufficiently dull and stupid, but it gratified the instincts of the people of a State more in debt and therefore more mismanaged than any other in the country. The paper in its contents set forth that it was written by a Pennsylvanian, which, of course, gave its confessions of iniquity an added zest. I have since learned, however, that it was really written by Mark Sullivan, the son of an emigrant from Ireland, who after living a short time in Chester County went away to seek his fortune and became the editor of Collier's Weekly. Indignant that the Atlantic Monthly should do anything so indecent, I wrote a historical parallel upon "Pennsylvania and Massachusetts," pointing out the great comparative importance of the former in American affairs. It was published in many shapes, and I really believe had an influence in giving me a representative position among the people of the State.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"WELL, OFF ALL DER IMPUDENCE YET!"



"A SLICE OF LIFE" IN A RESTAURANT

True Story of a Broken Dish, a Soldier and a Waitress

The restaurant was rapidly filling with the Monday crowd. Men and women, singly, in pairs, in groups, hurried through the swinging doors and sought places at the tables. Ripples of laughter and the babble of many voices were intermingled with the rattle of plates and the clang of silverware on the stone tables as the white-clothed waitresses deposited the steaming dishes before the earlier hungry arrivals.

When Washington was WET  
A dish of Washington would indeed seem a strange place to the immortal John Randolph, Senator from Virginia, who used to enter the Senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding whip and following by a footsore, which slept beneath his desk.

MODERN DEMOCRACY'S PROPHET  
The message clearly shows that peace will be the task of the people, not of the Government, and that the war is purely one against imperialism.

RECORD IRON OUTPUT IN U. S.  
Geological Survey statistics show that 7,516,722 gross tons of iron ore were mined in the United States last year, the greatest amount on record, an increase of more than 19,000,000 tons from the previous year.

What Do You Know?  
1. What is the "American Jack"?  
2. Who is commander of the United States expedition in France?  
3. Where is Brusca?  
4. What is the full name of Dickens?  
5. Who is Charles P. Neill?  
6. Name the author of "Evangeline."  
7. What is the Empire State?  
8. What is meant by Essau?  
9. How did New Jersey receive its name?  
10. Who wrote the opera "Faust"?

Answers to Monday's Quiz  
1. Florence Nightingale, 1820-1905, was an English philanthropist whose labors in the Crimean War revolutionized battlefield surgery and nursing.  
2. Trieste is the most important port of Austria on the Adriatic.  
3. General George W. Goethals, the Panama Canal builder, is the new quartermaster general of the United States army.  
4. General Zachary Taylor was called "Old Rough and Ready."  
5. A pistol is a drawing in crayons, usually in colors.  
6. William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis."  
7. A molecule is one of the very small, invisible particles which modern science assumes all matter consists. It is the smallest part of a substance which possesses its characteristic properties of that substance and which can exist alone in a free state.  
8. General Washington's last words were "It is well."  
9. Leon Trotsky is the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bolshevik cabinet.  
10. Vermont is called the "Green Mountain State."

Tom Daly's Column

IN PRAISE OF ST. STEPHEN  
Here's the feast of St. Stephen,  
This Christmas Day's morrow,  
An' it's past all believin'  
The comfort I borrow  
Howe'er the thought of him there  
In the cold mornin' air,  
An' meself steppin' back to a world  
Full o' sorrow.

For with all the soft beauty  
O' Christmas behind ye,  
When it's back to cold duty  
This day has consigned ye,  
Faith, there's need of the aid  
Of a saint unafraid  
To withstand the blue devils that's  
likely to find ye.

Tall and bright is the miter  
O' Stephen the martyr;  
A knight and a fighter  
By Christ the Lord's charter.  
And it's well if ye stand  
Within touch of his hand  
In a world that is given to traffic and  
barter.

Lucky you, if ye're wearin'  
This saint's nomenclature,  
For, belike, ye'll be sharin'  
His valorous nature;  
For there's none of his name  
In the pages o' fame  
That was anything less than a two-  
fisted crayture."

So upon this gray mornin',  
In hope o' receivein',  
His good help in the scornin',  
O' groanin' and greivin'  
In the merited praise  
Of the worshipful martyr and fighter,  
St. Stephen!

"Let alone Kings and Popes of that name,  
who were all grand fighters, there was  
Deatur, Girard, Bougain and some others  
you may think of."

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW  
Lansdowne wishes to stop the war; John Bull wishes to end it.—Boston Herald.

Not even the concerted action of Governments to fix a maximum price on silver can draw Brother Bryan away from the silence holding firmly at 16 to 1.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

It is said that a declaration of war against Bulgaria and against Turkey would be undiplomatic at this time. The employment of Turkish soldiers against our British allies and the employment of Bulgarian troops against the British, French and Italians is also undiplomatic.—Buffalo Commercial.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Saratoga fame, is coming to Buffalo to talk prohibition. It would seem Hobson could find more important use for himself when the country needs every trained man in war or industry.—Buffalo Enquirer.

The firemen of Griffin are learning to kilt—so that they may spend their spare time in the stations turning out socks and mufflers and sweaters for the soldiers. It was suggested some time ago in Athens that the firemen here could put in a half hour a day or so in making trench candles.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

It is like Satan rebuking sin for the Germans to accuse the British of burning towns and shelling Cambrai.—St. Louis Republic.

It is obviously desirable that the President should be specific in his recommendations of a railroad policy. Imagine how long it would take Congress to solve the problem unaided.—Boston Advertiser.

The President has shown no disposition to enlighten Congress on the subject of the impending labor troubles which the country seems about to face. It may be that his conferences at the White House with the representatives of organized labor have convinced him that the problem is in his own hands for personal solution and that he will require no co-operation from Congress in framing a settlement.—St. Joseph Gazette.